

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1911.

DOROTHY DEERE American Girl



1—The worst among the lessons—all by Dolly Deere despised—
Was her French pronunciation, by her parents highly prized;
So when Bobby Lee went by one day with rod and line and bait,
He tempted Dot, who happened to be swinging on the gate.

2—"Come on! I'm off to fish!" said he. "I'm going to the brook;"
And Dorothy straightway forgot both governess and book;
Beatified, she fished and fished, till somewhere from the back
There appeared a rushing figure—a French governess in black.

3—Now Dolly, full of mischief, darted off like any flash,
But slipped and—formed the centre of an iridescent splash.
Mademoiselle, she promptly fainted, and then little Bobby Lee
Raised shrill and frantic cries for help; and Dolly Deere, well, she—

4—Just clambered out and scuttled for a certain tree she knew
With a certain secret hollow and a very splendid view.
"I'll hide there till I dry," thought she; "ma'mzelle will p'raps forget.
Oh, gracious, I'm so shivery and—what's the French for wet?"

5—They rushed into the river, did the people roundabout,
They dived and dragged for Dorothy, but failed to fish her out;
They worked, perspiring and concerned, throughout the tragic day,
Then someone shouted—Dolly's hat had given her away!

6—They found the small girl crying when they reached the secret tree
(Which possessed the secret hollow which was secret as could be),
And when they asked the cause of all her unaccustomed tears,
She wept and said, "YOU'VE FOUND THE SECRET PLACE I'VE HAD FOR YEARS!"